

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME VII. No. 18

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JANUARY 28, 1917

The War of Peace.

I AM for war. The war that drives
Injustice from the haunts of men;
The war that makes for happier lives,
That helps the fallen up again.
The strife to make a better way
Than ever men have trod before,
To build a land where children play,
And neither guns nor cannon roar.

I am for war. The war that frees
The baby slaves of monster greed;
The war that battles with disease,
And has real service for a creed.
The war of science and of art
Against the battlements of wrong;
The war of brain and brawn and heart
To equalize the weak and strong.

I am for war. The war to make
This earth a joyous place for all;
To have men rather give than take,
To have them rise and never fall.
I'm for the war that betters life,
That makes all human wrongs to cease,
The bloodless and constructive strife
That is the crowning joy of peace.

EDGAR A. GUEST.

Shot to Safety.

BY FREDERICK E. BURNHAM.

A CLATTER of hoofs upon the frozen roadbed caused Bert Lander to glance up from the ice boat which he was getting ready to put up for the night. The next instant he sprang to his feet and ran out on the ice, shouting to a lone horseman to stop.

"What do you want?" demanded the rider, reining his horse, which in spite of the cold was half covered with foam. "I'm in a hurry, boy, and have no time to waste. Case of life and death across the river.

"Dr. Hammond," said Bert, recognizing the gentleman, "you are not thinking of crossing on the ice? Why, doctor, they have been cutting ice the last week, until to-day. There is a strip of thin ice where they have been at work which reaches clear to the dam, two miles or more. It was open water this morning. I doubt if it is an inch thick now."

"That being the case, I don't go," remarked the doctor. "And yet," he added regretfully, "there is a man's life at stake. Thoughtless! thoughtless of me! I knew they had been cutting ice. Now they are depending on me. Over the wire I told Mrs. Booth that I would come as fast as my horse would bring me. Came horseback so as to travel more quickly."

"Doctor," said Bert, suddenly, "slip your horse into that shed by the ice house, and blanket him as best you can with some grain bags which you will find there. There is a lot of string in my boat house here. Tie them on as best you can. Hurry back and I will take you across with my ice boat."

"Thank you, son," exclaimed the doctor, gratefully. "You have got a level head on

your shoulders. Your boat will make it, even if the ice is thin."

Returning a few moments later, the doctor was treated to a surprise.

"What is the sled for?" he queried, noting a single sled which Bert had fastened to the rear of the ice boat, a nail driven into the framework securing the drag-rope of the sled.

"You are to ride on that," replied Bert. "You had better lie down the way we boys do, and keep your heels in the air. Not a very graceful position, doctor, but there will be less danger of being thrown off. There is a stiff wind blowing, and when we get fairly away from the shore this boat of mine will certainly travel."

"I see, son," said the doctor, lying down on the sled boy-fashion and tucking his coat-tails under him, while he hugged his medicine-case. "You want to distribute the weight. Both of us on the ice boat would be too much for the thin ice to hold up. Now I know you have got a level head."

Slowly the ice boat moved out into the open, and as it gathered speed, Bert turned to the doctor for an instant.

"Hang on tight, doctor," he shouted. "No matter what happens, just hang onto that sled and your medicine-case. Don't worry about the horse; when I get back I will ride him up to our barn and look after him. You can come home by train in the morning."

Each instant the ice boat was gathering speed, and inside of two minutes they were fairly flying down the river at almost a mile a minute gait. Bert was steering so that the ice boat was approaching the thin ice diagonally.

"Hang on!" yelled Bert, when they were within a hundred feet of the black ice which marked the danger line.

At the same instant he slipped the sled



By R. R. Sallows.

THE WOODSMAN'S DINNER.

rope from the nail which held it and jibed sharply to the left. The big sail swung over, and the ice boat shot away from the thin ice, the right-hand runners lifting a foot or more from the ice.

The doctor shot straight ahead, as though from a catapult. The sled rope caught under the runners and the sled tipped over, but the doctor hung on with a death-grip. He felt the thin ice settle as he sped across it, but it did not give way, and the next instant he was sliding head-first over the solid ice with the sled and his medicine-case in his arms. After he had slid in this rather inglorious manner a matter of three or four hundred feet, the doctor came to a stop, and, getting onto his feet, looked back across the river.

"You rascal, you certainly surprised me!" he exclaimed, laughing and at the same time shaking his fist at Bert, who was almost a mile away. "But you did just right. Had you told me beforehand, I should have balked. Level head on that boy," he added. "Knew that ice was unsafe for both of us to be on at once and would take no chances."

Years passed, and Bert had all but forgotten that adventure on the ice. Not so the doctor, however. Bert had entered the employ of the railroad and had progressed from "wiper" to fireman, a position which he had held for three years. There was a new train put on, and scores of fireman had applied for the position of engineer; among them was Bert Lander.

"Lander," said the superintendent of the road, having summoned Bert to his office, "there was a little story told me in this office yesterday which turned the scale in your favor. A physician, who has evidently kept in close touch with you, though you were ignorant of the fact, told me of an adventure which befell him on the ice some years ago. I decided on the spot to make you engineer of the new train."

Betty as Belle.

"Do you like traveling?" Walter asked. "Indeed, I certainly do," Betty answered.

"This is fine country."

"Yes, I have never traveled in a private car before."

"Neither have I. Did you ever see such a storm?"

Then Juliet called from the other end of the car and Walter excused himself and went.

Betty's glance lingered a minute on the merry group at the far end; Juliet Cadwell and her brother Carl, Mary Sanders, Walter and Harold Brown; all good comrades, with familiar jests and a common past. Then she swung round again to the window to watch with wistful eyes the snowy, flying landscape. Betty had been asked to join the party only because her father and Mr. Cadwell had been college friends.

"I'd give worlds if some one would call me by my first name," she thought, "or if some one would say, 'O Betty, do you remember?' But I'm new and stiff and sensible; if I were frivolous they'd like me."

Carl left the group and found Betty. "Don't you want to come down to the other end with the others?" he asked. "I don't see any sign of lunch and I'm hungry enough to eat the railroad tracks. That porter of ours is a duffer. We only got him as we started. Father'll never keep him a day after he joins us."

"That will be to-day?" Betty asked as they walked down the car.

"Yes; early this afternoon we are to be dropped at a siding somewhere in the wilderness, and about four o'clock we are to be picked up by the south-bound train that father's on."

Betty tried in vain to be one with the merry, flippant group; she soon fell back into silence.

"I don't belong," she thought. "I don't understand their talk or their jokes. I'll go see Mrs. Cadwell."

Mrs. Cadwell languidly laid down her book. "Isn't it wonderful," Betty asked, "to be whizzing through the country with all the comforts of home, as warm as we can be, while it's so bitterly cold and snowing outside?"

"I haven't had any comfort since we started," complained Mrs. Cadwell. "This storm is frightful; if it keeps us from making connections with Mr. Cadwell, I don't know what I shall do. Could you ask Higgins to hurry lunch?"

"Even she doesn't want me," said Betty as she went in search of the steward.

"I can't get lunch till we leave Tenny," grunted Higgins. "I can get a steak there. The steak I have here Mrs. Cadwell wouldn't eat."

The boys and girls were deep in a game; Mrs. Cadwell was reading again; Betty picked up her own book and went back to her first place.

"Two weeks before I can get home!" she thought. "How can I ever stand it! I wish I never had come. I'm a different species from the others; a lame duck at a butterflies' tea party. I'm a minister's daughter and despise butterflies, and yet I'm sore because they don't like me."

As she whirled her chair around she heard Carl's undertone, "Shall we ask Miss Bristol?"

"If she's happy reading, let her alone," Juliet answered.

At Tenny, Mrs. Cadwell guarded the car; the girls and Harold walked up and down the

platform through the whirling snow; Carl and Walter went after candy and new books, and Higgins went for supplies. Walter was back soon. Carl jumped aboard as the train was moving out of the station.

"You might have been killed or left, Carl," shivered his mother. "Where's Higgins?"

"In the lockup," panted Carl. "He got in a fight with some one and rolled another man into the gutter. A policeman came along and arrested them both. I tried to get Higgins off, but he had hit the policeman and made him angry, and he wouldn't let him go. I saw a clock and knew I must hurry or miss the train, so I gave father's name and address to the officer and ran back."

"But what can we do without Higgins?" gasped Mrs. Cadwell.

"We'll go through and lunch in the diner for once," Juliet answered.

It took almost half an hour to persuade Mrs. Cadwell to accept the change of plan and another half hour for Mary to change her dress. As they were leaving the car they met the conductor.

"We're almost to the siding where we're to cut you off," he said. "The south-bound should pick you up at four, but it may be a little late, for this is some snow we're having and I hear it's heavier up north."

That ended the thought of lunch. Presently the Cadwell car was uncoupled and the train steamed off into the distance. Mrs. Cadwell sat down helplessly.

"It's a regular desert island," Carl declared, "a sea of snow in every direction and a ship in sight."

"I wish we had stayed with the train," shivered his mother. "This storm is frightful."

"And landed on the Pacific Coast," scoffed Carl. "I'm a hollow tube. I'll die if I don't get something to eat soon. Mother, can you cook a meal?"

"Me!" gasped Mrs. Cadwell.

"Can you, Juliet?"

"I don't know a potato masher from a flatiron," answered Juliet, candidly.

"The only kind of an iron Jule knows is a curling iron," jibed Carl. "Mary, can you cook a meal?"

"I made fudge once," said Mary, dubiously, "but it wasn't very good."

Betty opened her mouth to speak, but closed it again. If they thought her a barnyard fowl to be scorned, they might see how butterflies would get on alone in an emergency.

"There must be some canned stuff," Walter said. "Let's go see."

"Pork and beans," proclaimed Carl from the galley, "and bread and butter and olives and tea. That's all right for lunch."

"I'll set the table," said Mary.

"I'll cut bread," volunteered Walter.

"I'll make tea," offered Harold.

"And I'll eat them all," declared Carl.

Juliet took down the beans. Carl seized the can opener and plunged it in. Half-way around, it slipped and the rough edge of the can cut a deep gash in his hand. Carl wrapped his hand in his handkerchief and went out into the car. Mary shrieked at the red stain.

"Can you do this up for me, mother?" Carl asked.

Mrs. Cadwell turned pale. "O Carl, you know the sight of blood makes me faint and I'm overstrained already. Get Juliet to help you."

"She sent me here," Carl answered with a wry smile.

Betty forgot her sulks and sprang up; she was on familiar ground when some one wanted help. She knew what to do and she did it, while the others, who saw Carl was in good hands, went on getting lunch. It was ready by the time Carl was neatly bandaged and comfortable.

No one ate much but the bread and butter. The beans were scorched, the tea thin, and even the bread was stale. Suddenly to every one's consternation Mrs. Cadwell covered her face with her hands and began to cry.

"Deserted in the wilderness," she sobbed, "in a howling storm like this, and no one knows where your father is. And Higgins gone! And not a thing fit to eat!"

She rose from the table and disappeared into her stateroom. Every one sat helpless except Betty.

"May I poach her an egg?" she asked Juliet. "Mother will always eat an egg when she doesn't want anything else."

"Oh, if you could," Juliet said gracefully; "the lunch was beastly."

She went after her mother while Betty disappeared into the galley and the others sat awkwardly around. In ten minutes Betty was back with a fresh cup of tea, the poached egg, and some crisp toast. Mrs. Cadwell, sitting at her window gazing into the whirling storm, brightened a little at sight of the tray.

"I'll go clear up," Juliet said, glad to escape.

Betty stayed till the lunch was eaten. She was not afraid to talk to Mrs. Cadwell now, for she had a definite, cheering job to accomplish. When she finally came away she left Mrs. Cadwell tucked up for a nap.

Walter jumped up to take the empty tray when Betty appeared and carried it down to the galley. She laughed as she looked around the little room.

"It doesn't look quite like Higgins, does it?" Walter asked.

"It soon will look better than Higgins," Betty asserted, and with Walter's help proved her words.

"You're great and no mistake," admired Walter. "Now, Miss Bristol, let's have a secret and not tell anybody else. When tea time comes, you make the tea. I wish it were tea time now."

"It's half-past three," said Betty. "Let's surprise them."

She opened the flour box, inspected the fire, and began to mix some baking-powder biscuit. She let Walter cut them out while she arranged the tea tray. Then she baked them brown and crisp and she and Walter buttered them.

"Call the others down to this end of the car so that we won't disturb Mrs. Cadwell," Betty suggested.

Walter marched them down solemnly and hushed their rapturous cries. The biscuit melted like snow in May, while the snow in January piled up outside.

"Now I feel as if I might last till dinner time," declared Carl. "And may the south-bound train bring us some dinner."

"It's due now," Walter said, "but I don't see how it's going to get here through all this snow. How would you like to go out and build a snow fort?"

"Oh, what fun," cried Betty. Mary looked dubiously at her thin shoes.

"Oh, come on, Mary, be a sport," urged Carl. "I promise not to snowball you. Betty's bandaged my hand too tight."

They were all calling her Betty before the frolic in the snow was ended, and it was

easy now for her to laugh and joke with the others.

The clouds broke away at sunset. The young people came in warm and glowing to find Mrs. Cadwell with her anxious face pressed against the window.

"The train never will get through," she quavered. "We'll have to stay here all night alone with no protection."

"There's the steak Higgins wouldn't cook for lunch," Betty said, "and potatoes."

"You be chef, Betty, and I'll be your scullery maid," Walter coaxed.

"We might have dinner early so we'll be through when the train comes," suggested Betty.

Mrs. Cadwell brightened at that; it sounded as though the train was coming. They turned on the light and drew the curtains, and when the odors of coffee and broiling steak began to float down the car, even Mrs. Cadwell's face smoothed.

"You're the best cook I know," Harold declared.

Betty's eyes were bright and her cheeks glowing. The sudden change of fortune had put her into a world where she knew how to act and talk and be efficient. She was no longer a heavy weight but the mainspring of the machine. The boys quarreled after dinner for the right to help her wash dishes, while Juliet and Mary sat meekly by.

They played games till Mrs. Cadwell began to grow pale and distracted, and then Juliet read aloud. When Mrs. Cadwell began to cry again, Juliet looked wide-eyed at Betty, and it was Betty who put Mrs. Cadwell to bed and soothed her and stayed with her till she slept.

"O Betty," Juliet said, "you are such a comfort! I don't know what we should have done without you!"

Betty, in her berth, looked out at the clear stars, and thought shamefacedly: "They're all so nice and friendly. I despised them just because I was too stupid to understand them. I'm going to learn after this how to use butterfly wings. It's a great deal better to be gay than to be heavy and stupid."

She gave them eggs and coffee and griddle-cakes for breakfast and even Mrs. Cadwell, cheered by a night's rest and the morning's sun, was moved to smile.

"O Betty, what a wonder you are!" Juliet exclaimed. "Will you ever forget how those baked beans tasted for lunch yesterday? I'm ashamed to be so stupid. I'm going to work to learn something now. I'll be a busy bee instead of a butterfly."

Betty laughed in sudden pleasure. Some one had called her Betty and asked her if she remembered. Girls were just girls, after all; ducks and butterflies could be friends and each learn something from the other.

The south-bound train rumbled in about half-past twelve, just as they were getting ready to fry potatoes and cook bacon and eggs for lunch. Every one rushed forward as Mr. Cadwell entered the car and Betty was left standing alone.

But Juliet remembered her. "Come meet Betty, father," she said, pulling him down the car. "She's the dearest thing!"

"She's sweet," echoed Mary.

"I don't know what we should have done without her," murmured Mrs. Cadwell.

"I owe my hand to Betty's sand," chanted Carl.

"She saved us from starvation," said Harold.

"And from a few other things," said Walter.

"There seems to be a unanimity of opinion, Miss Betty," twinkled Mr. Cadwell as he took Betty's hand. "I was sure that Ben Bristol's girl and mine must be friends even if they never had met. I suppose girls are a good deal the same all the world over, aren't they?"

"I suppose they are," Betty laughed. "Some of them are very nice," she added with a shy glance at Juliet.

"We're going to be friends always," Juliet answered, her arm over Betty's shoulder, "just as our two fathers were."

"Yes," Betty answered, and thought in a flash, "and just twenty-four hours ago we all were scorning one another."

HELEN WARD BANKS,
in *Queen's Gardens*.



The Elephant.

When people call this beast to mind,
They marvel more and more
At such a LITTLE tail behind
So LARGE a trunk before.

HILLAIRE BELLOC,
in *Bad Child's Book of Beasts*.

Two Little Doctors of the Dumps.

BY MARY LOUISE STETSON.

DOBBIN was tired. Every bone in his poor old body ached, and now the day's work was ended he longed to rest.

But the strange horse in the next stall whinnied and stamped and kicked.

"What's the matter?" Dobbin asked, peering in at his new neighbor.

"Matter!" repeated the strange horse. Then he snorted contemptuously. "There's nothing the matter with me, old Doleful Face. I took first prize on the track this afternoon, I'll have you understand. You're a rough-looking creature, aren't you! Don't look as if you'd been carded for forty years." And the strange horse gave a whinny that sounded just like the meanest kind of laughter.

"My name is Dobbin, and I have lived only twenty years," responded the old horse, with a quiet dignity.

The strange horse whinnied again, and tossed his handsome mane. "You've seen your best days," he commented. And, regardless of Dobbin's discomfort, that selfish horse stamped and kicked.

Dobbin didn't rest much that night. The next morning he felt tired and sad.

As he stood patiently awaiting his breakfast, the door leading from the shed burst open, and Tom and Jane came running up to him.

"Hello, Dobbin!" the little girl cried, patting his rough nose. "How are you this bright day? All ready to take us to school when father has given you something to eat? Good old Dobbin!" And she laid her soft cheek on the tangled mane.

Tom picked up two rosy apples from a box near by and, without the least fear, held one close to Dobbin's lips. Dobbin liked rosy apples. He ate this one eagerly and nodded a "Thank you."

The strange horse made all the racket he could. He felt jealous because the

children paid so much attention to the homely old beast in the next stall.

"You wouldn't dare give Uncle Jack's horse an apple," the little girl challenged.

"I would, too," the little boy declared, swelling up as big as he could. "You just watch me." Tom put the second apple on his open palm, and walked bravely up to the other stall.

The strange horse pranced and tossed his head. "You see I'm a much handsomer fellow than old Doleful Face in there," he boasted. But never a word did Tom understand.

"He's ugly, I guess," the little boy said. And then what should Tom do but step back to Dobbin, and give to him the rosy apple intended for Uncle Jack's horse. The horse that liked himself so much got never a bite.

It was Dobbin's turn to laugh now, but Dobbin was too polite to do that. Instead he looked kindly into the eyes of his little friends and somehow the sadness seemed to drop away little by little. "Maybe I have seen my best days," thought Dobbin, "but I'm not a useless old beast even yet. It takes Tom and Jane to cure me of the dumps."

Grandmother's Spicy Stories.

BY FAYE N. MERRIMAN.

No. 9.

WHAT have you in that sack?" grandmother curiously inquired. Robert patted the paper bag fondly. "It's too big to go on my card," he said; "but after we've eaten the inside I'll carve out a piece of shell and fasten that on."

Grandmother threw up her hands. "What on earth are you talking about?" she demanded.

Robert patiently explained. "Last night and the night before you told me about tea and coffee," he said, "and I like cocoa better than either, so I bought a cocoanut with a dime that father gave me. I want you to tell me how cocoa is made."



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

LYNCHBURG, VA.,

Dear Miss Buck,—Wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year. I attend the Unitarian Sunday school every Sunday if it is nice weather. My father and mother are members of the Unitarian church. My brother also goes to the Unitarian Sunday school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Fitzgerald, the wife of our minister. This church is on Grove Street, near our city park. I enjoy *The Beacon* very much. I had a piece to say on Christmas at Sunday school, where we received many nuts and candies, also books; the boys got knives also.

I am in the sixth grade at school, and am ten years old. I hope I can be a member of the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,

HELEN ALEXANDRA SAMOUCÉ.

Thank you, Miss Helen, for your good wishes.

Will not more of our young people write us

To his surprise grandmother leaned back in her chair and shook with laughter.

"What is the matter?" Robert cried.

"Did you think cocoa was made from cocoanuts?" grandmother gasped, wiping her eyes with a dainty handkerchief.

"Of course," Robert answered innocently. "Isn't it 'cocoa' and 'cocoanut'?"

"Well, any one might make that mistake," she admitted, "things are named so queerly. No; cocoa doesn't come from the cocoanut, but from the seeds of a small tree."

"From seeds?" Robert asked, forgetting his chagrin in his interest. "What kind of a tree?"

"It is a tree that grows in Mexico, and it seldom grows higher than sixteen or eighteen feet. The leaves are large, smooth, and glossy and often spring directly from the main trunk. The flowers are small and in clusters, and they, too, spring directly from the main branches and the trunk so that the fruit is said to have the appearance of being pinned or glued onto the tree.

"The seed pods are from seven to ten inches in length and sometimes four-and-a-half inches across. It has a hard leathery rind of a rich purple color and has ten ribs running lengthwise of the pod. Inside, the fruit has five long cells each containing from five to ten seeds imbedded in a delicately pink acid pulp. These are the cocoa beans from which cocoa is made."

"Do they grind the beans up?" Robert inquired.

"Yes, but they are first fermented, or 'sweated,' sometimes by being buried in holes or trenches for a couple of days, after which they are dried in the sun. Before being made into ground cocoa the seeds are roasted, then crushed and the shells or husks 'winnowed' away by a powerful fan. The resulting fragments are called 'nibs,' and these are next run through hand-sieves where the discolored fragments and mouldy pieces are taken out. The cocoa is then ground."

"What is the difference between cocoa and chocolate?" Robert asked.

"Chocolate is cocoa with sugar and sometimes vanilla added."

"Vanilla?" Robert pricked up his ears.

letters telling how Christmas was observed in their churches or schools, what kind of entertainments were given, something about the Christmas party, or some anniversary or other interesting happening in church, school, or home? These are the things that are of most interest to all our readers. We can hardly give space to letters that contain no information but the name of church, minister, and teacher.

Other new members of our Club are Helen Wood, San Francisco, Cal.; Kathryn Morrow, Geneseo, Ill.; Vera McDonald, Eugene, Ore.; Thelma Ohler, Erie, Pa.; Fladger Strother and Eugene Richardson, Charleston, S.C.

In Massachusetts: Lillian Jones, Billerica; Ernest French, Charlestown; Norman H. Cook, Randolph; Beatrice Jolly, Roslindale; Dorothy McKinnon, Templeton; Helen Thompson, Worcester.

"To-morrow night will you tell me about vanilla?"

"I suppose I shall have to," groaned grandmother.

Sunday School News.

NINETY years is a long life for a Sunday school, but the Howard Sunday school has just celebrated its ninetieth anniversary. It began on Sunday, Dec. 10, 1826, at 8 A.M., and it was a cold, windy day. There were seven teachers and three pupils present, and the place was an old paint-shop in a building on the corner of Portland and Merrimac Streets, Boston, where Rev. Joseph Tuckerman had begun his ministry-at-large on the previous Sunday. In the afternoon there were fourteen children, and from that time it continued to grow until at its best there were more than three hundred and fifty members.

The Ninetieth Anniversary was held at Bulfinch Place Church on Sunday, Dec. 10, 1916. Many former teachers and pupils were present, crowding the church. Some of the old-time hymns were sung, and addresses were made by Rev. Sydney B. Snow, Mr. Hobart W. Winkley, Rev. Frederick M. Eliot, and Rev. Louis C. Cornish.

The superintendent, Rev. Christopher R. Eliot, gave an historical sketch, and the singing was led by a Sunday school chorus. It was a very happy occasion, and it closed with a "Service of Reconciliation" in grateful memory of the past and with the forward look of "faith, hope, and love" for the future.

The Howard Sunday school was the third to be established in Boston under Unitarian auspices. The others were the Hancock Sunday school, on Hanover Street, afterward merged into the Sunday school of the Second Church, and the school connected with the West Church on Cambridge Street.

A Mystery.

GOD moves among his mighty worlds afar,
Yet shines in every soul, a quiet star;
So the huge sun, that climbs the unfathomed blue,
Soars glittering in every drop of dew.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XXXIX.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 1, 2, 5, 4, 14, 8, is a place of punishment.

My 8, 14, 9, 3, is a message.

My 5, 12, 12, is not well.

My 6, 7, 15, 9, 11, 13, 9, is some one we all dread to visit.

My 10, 5, 12, 12, is a boy's name.

My whole is a popular person.

ISAIAH CHASE.

ENIGMA XL.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 16, 17, 3, is to decay.

My 2, 7, 8, is to catch fish in.

My 1, 6, 15, 11, is a girl's name.

My 12, 14, 18, 19, is a smaller amount.

My 9, 1, 12, 13, is a word meaning high.

My 9, 10, 12, 13, is to say something.

My 3, 4, 6, is a heavy weight.

My 8, 5, 2, is what pans are made of.

My whole is the name of a girl.

HARRIET POWERS MERRILL.

FOUND ON THE TABLE.

1. Did Bob read the sporting page?
2. Here comes Jim eating his lunch.
3. These accounts are also up to date.
4. The price of those things has advanced.
5. John spins his top easily.
6. Are there to be answers returned?
7. Instead of writing they telephoned.
8. Kate took the missal to church.
9. The magician tried to astonish us.
10. He divided an acre among them.

The Myrtle.

TWO STATES.

Two-fifths of a rider,
One-fourth of a goat,
One-sixth of a hammer,
And one-fourth of a boat.

One-sixth of a kitten,
One-fourth of a beet,
Two-fifths of exalt,
And one-fourth of a seat.

Selected.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 16.

ENIGMA XXXIV.—Yellowstone National Park.

ENIGMA XXXV.—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

ENIGMA XXXVI.—Snow-shoeing.

DROPPED-WORD ACROSTIC.—A BLE
MADE
EVER
ROOT
INCH
CAME
AGED

SQUARE WORD.—HEART

ENTER
ATONE
RENTS
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THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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